

## Gary Allan "Highway Junkie"

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A hundred cups of coffee,  
Five hundred cigarettes  
A thousand miles of highway  
And I ain't forgot her yet  
But I keep on movin',  
I keep movin' down the line

There ain't nothin' in my mirror  
Just a cloud of dust and smoke  
What do you expect  
When some ole trucker's heart gets broke  
Yeah, a trucker's heart gets broke

But them big wheels of rubber  
Gonna rub her off my mind  
Well I'm a highway junkie  
And I need that old white line

Ten miles outta' Nashville  
I was doin' a hundred and one  
State boy pulled me over  
He said "Where's the fire son?"  
Said "Where's the fire son?"

I said man there ain't no fire  
I'm just runnin' from a flame  
So go on an write your ticket, man,  
But I aint the one to blame  
That county judge tried to rob me blind

But them big wheels of rubber

Gonna rub her off my mind  
Well I'm a highway junkie  
And I need that old white line

--- Instrumental ---

So I rolled on down to Memphis,  
I had nothin' left to loose  
Wanted to hear some rock n' roll  
But all they played was blues

I didn't wanna hear no blues

So I went to call up Elvis  
But Roger Miller grabbed the phone  
He said drive that eighteen wheeler boy  
You're the king of the road  
Said I was the king of the road

But them big wheels of rubber  
Gonna rub her off my mind  
Well I'm a highway junkie  
And I need that old white line

I said I'm a highway junkie, man,  
And I need that old white line...

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